

That
Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cannot push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired
Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-
ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

All About Western Farm Lands.
The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

A good place in which to exercise patience is in bearing the shortcomings of others.

Put an end to misery. Doan's Ointment will cure the worst case of Itching Piles there ever was, and do it almost instantly. Years of suffering relieved in a single night. Get Doan's Ointment from your dealer.

It is better to have our paradise at the end of life than to let the beginning of it.

The soothing, lung-healing virtues of the newly out pine are all embodied in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the sovereign remedy for coughs and colds, and lung troubles of all sorts.

Talks though certain that what you say will be accepted without argument.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, secure and use that old and well tried remedy, Dr. Winkler's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

It cannot be impressed too soon upon a child that life is a serious business.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '90.

The man who thinks the world owes him a living finds it hard now-a-days to collect the debt.

STOP IT NOW!

Stop It Quickly, Just the Same as Did Mr. Charles H. Hoffman, of 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson.

If you have a pain in your back, stop it! A lame back, stop it! An aching back, stop it! Do you want to know how? Let us tell you! In the first place, never try to rid yourself of pain without knowing the cause. If pain or ache exist there is reason for it. Find out this reason and get after it. Strike cause a stiff blow with the right weapon, and its allies, pain and ache, will flee like chaff before the wind. To get right down to it, backache is indicative of kidney disorders, a spy placed there by nature; listen to his warnings and take up the weapon, strike before disease is reinforced with allies that can not be routed by hand of man, such as Bright's disease. Let us introduce to you this weapon! Let us prove its superiority to all others! Here is a blow it struck:

Mr. Charles H. Hoffman is a fireman on the M. C. R. R. and resides at 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson, Mich. He says: "I have suffered for a long time from a kidney and bladder disorder which has at times rendered me incapable of work; have been at the hospital for my complaint and discharged from there as cured, but the old complaint has invariably come back again. Some time ago I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, and I began taking them, with most gratifying results. Urinary complaints which bothered me greatly are very much improved, and the pain I suffered in my back has entirely left me, my general condition is much improved. I could not like to be without Doan's Kidney Pills, I think others should know what a valuable remedy it is."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

SWAMP
The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.
At Druggists, 50c & 60c. Advice & Pamphlet Free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cleanses the Scalp and keeps it cool, itchy and itchy. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)
He paused, and Trudaine again endeavored to speak such words as might show that he was not unworthy of the deadly risk which Lomaque was prepared to encounter. But once more the chief-agent peremptorily and irritably interposed.

"I tell you, for the third time," he said, "I will listen to no expressions of gratitude from you, till I know when I deserve them. It is true that I recollect your father's timely kindness to me—true that I have not forgotten what passed five years since, at your house by the river side. I remember everything, down to what you would consider the veriest trifle—that cup of coffee, for instance, which your sister kept hot for me. I told you then that you would think better of me some day. I know that you do now. But this is not all. You want to glorify me to my face for risking my life for you. I am weary of life. I can't look back to it with pleasure. I am too old to look forward to what is left of it with hope. There was something in that night at your house before the wedding—something in what you said, in what your sister did—which altered me. I have had my days of gloom and self-reproach, from time to time, since then. I have sickened at my slavery, and subjection, and duplicity, and cringing, first under one master, then under another. I have longed to look back at my life, and comfort myself with the sight of some good action, just as a frugal man comforts himself with the sight of his little savings laid by in an old drawer. I can't do this, and I want to do it. The want takes me like a fit, at uncertain intervals—suddenly, under the most incomprehensible influences. A glance up at the blue sky—startling over the houses of this great city, when I look out at the night from my garret window—a child's voice coming suddenly, I don't know where from—the sipping of my neighbor's liquid in his little case—now one thing, and then another, wakes up that want in me in a moment. Rascal as I am, those few simple words your sister spoke to the judge went through and through me like a knife. Strange, in a man like me, isn't it? I am amazed at it myself. My life? Bah! I've let it out for hire to be kicked about by rascals from one dirty place to another, like a football! It's my whim to give it a last kick myself, and throw it away decently before it lodges on the dunghill forever. Your sister kept a good cup of coffee hot for me, and I give her a bad life in return. Thank me for it! What folly! Thank me when I have done something useful. Don't thank me for that!"

He snapped his fingers contemptuously as he spoke, and walked away to the outer door to receive the jaller, who returned at that moment.

"Well," inquired the hunchback, "has anybody asked for me?"

"No," said Lomaque; "not a soul has entered the room. What sort of wine did you get?"

"So-so! Good at a pinch, friend—good at a pinch."

"Ah! you should go to my shop and try a certain cask, filled with a particular vintage!"

"What shop? Which vintage?"

"I can't stop to tell you now; but we shall most likely meet again to-day. I expect to be at the prison this afternoon. Shall I ask for you? Good! I won't forget!" With those farewell words he went out, and never so much as looked back at the prisoners before he closed the door behind him.

Trudaine returned to his sister, fearful lest his face should betray what had passed during the extraordinary interview between Lomaque and himself.

But whatever change there might be in his expression, Rose did not seem to notice it. She was still strangely inattentive to all outward things. That spirit of resignation, which is the courage of women in all great emergencies, seemed now to be the one animating spirit that fed the flame of life within her.

When her brother sat down by her, she only took his hand gently, and said: "Let us stop together like this, Louis, till the time comes. I am not afraid of it, for I have nothing but you to make me love life, and you, too, are going to die. Do you remember the time when I used to grieve that I never had a child to be some comfort to me? I was thinking a moment ago how horrible it would have been now, if my wish had been granted. It is a blessing for me, in this great misery, that I am childless! Let us talk of old days, Louis, as long as we can—not of my husband, or my marriage—only of the old times, before I was a burden and a trouble to you."

CHAPTER XVIII.
HE day wore on. By ones, twos, and threes at a time, the condemned prisoners came from the tribunal, and collected in the waiting room. At two o'clock all was ready for the calling over of the death-list. It was

read and verified by an officer of the court; and then the gaoler took his prisoners back to St. Lazare.

Evening came. The prisoners' meal had been served; the duplicate of the death-list had been read in public at the grate; the cell doors were all locked. From the day of their arrest, Rose and

her brother, partly through the influence of a bribe, partly through Lomaque's intercession, had been confined together in one cell; and together they now awaited the dread event of the morrow.

The morning came, and the hot summer sunrise. What life was left in the terror-struck city awoke for the day faintly; and still the suspense of the long night remained unlightened. It was drawing near the hour when the tumbrels were to come for the victims doomed on the day before. Trudaine's ear could detect even the faintest sound in the echoing prison-region outside his cell. Soon, listening near the door, he heard voices disputing on the other side of it. Suddenly the bolts were drawn back, the key turned in the lock, and he found himself standing face to face with the hunchback and one of his subordinate attendants.

"Look!" muttered this last man, sulkily, "there they are, safe in their cell, just as I said; but I tell you again they are not down in the list. What do you mean by bullying me about not chalking their door last night, along with the rest? Catch me doing your work for you again, when you're too drunk to do it yourself!"

"Hold your tongue, and let me have another look at the list!" returned the hunchback, turning away from the cell door, and snatching a slip of paper from the other's hand. "The devil take me if I can make head or tail of it!" he exclaimed, scratching his head, after a careful examination of the list. "I could swear that I read over their names at the grate yesterday afternoon, with my own lips; and yet, look as long as I may, I certainly can't find them written down here. Give us a pinch, friend. Am I awake or dreaming? drunk or sober this morning?"

"Sober, I hope," said a quiet voice at his elbow. "I have just looked in to see how you are after yesterday."

"How am I, Citizen Lomaque? Petrified with astonishment. You yourself took charge of that man and woman for me, in the waiting room, yesterday morning; and as for myself, I could swear to having read their names at the grate yesterday afternoon. Yet this morning there are no such things as these said names to be found in the list. What do you think of that?"

"And what do you think?" interrupted the aggrieved subordinate, "of his having the impudence to bully me for being careless in chalking the doors, when he was too drunk to do it himself?—too drunk to know his right hand from his left! If I wasn't the best-natured man in the world, I should report him to the head gaoler."

"Quite right of you to excuse him, and quite wrong of him to bully you," said Lomaque, persuasively. "Take my advice," he continued confidentially to the hunchback, "and don't trust too implicitly to that slippery memory of yours, after our little drinking bout yesterday. You could not really have read their names at the grate, you know, or of course they would be down on the list. As for the waiting room at the tribunal, a word in your ear: chief agents of police know strange secrets. The president of the court condemns and pardons in public; but there is somebody else, with the power of ten thousand presidents, who now and then condemns and pardons in private. You can guess who, I may no more, except that I recommend you to keep your head on your shoulders, by troubling it about nothing but the list there in your hand. Stick to that literally, and nobody can blame you. Make a fuss about mysteries that don't concern you, and—"

Lomaque stopped, and holding his hand edgewise, let it drop significantly over the hunchback's head. The action, and the hints which preceded it, seemed to bewilder the little man more than ever. He stared perplexedly at Lomaque; uttered a word or two of rough apology to his subordinate, and rolling his misshapen head portentously, walked away with the death-list crumpled up nervously in his hand.

"I should like to have a sight of them, and see if they really are the same man and woman whom I looked after yesterday morning in the waiting room," said Lomaque, putting his hand on the cell door, just as the deputy-jailer was about to close it again.

"Look in, by all means," said the man. "No doubt you will find that drunken booby as wrong in what he told you about them as he is about everything else."

Lomaque made use of the privilege granted to him immediately. He saw Trudaine sitting with his sister in the corner of the cell farthest from the door, evidently for the purpose of preventing her from overhearing the conversation outside. There was an unsettled look, however, in her eyes, a slowly heightening color in her cheeks, which showed her to be at least vaguely aware that something unusual had been taking place in the corridor.

Lomaque beckoned to Trudaine to leave her, and whispered to him: "The prescription has worked well. You are safe for to-day. Break the news to your sister, as gently as you can. Danville!"—he stopped and listened till he satisfied himself, by the sound of the deputy-gaoler's footsteps, that the man was lounging toward the farther end of the corridor. "Danville," he resumed, "after having mixed with the people outside the grate yesterday, and having heard your names read, was arrested in the evening by secret order from Robespierre, and sent to the Temple. What

charge will be laid to him, or when he will be brought to trial, it is impossible to say. I only know that he is arrested. Hush! don't talk now; my friend outside is coming back. Keep quiet—hope everything from the chances and changes of public affairs; and comfort yourself with the thought that you are both safe for to-day."

"And to-morrow?" whispered Trudaine.

"Don't think of to-morrow," returned Lomaque, turning away hurriedly to the door. "Let to-morrow take care of itself."

CHAPTER XIX.

N a spring morning, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, the public conveyance then running between Chalons-sur-Marne and Paris set down one of its outside passengers at the first post-station beyond Meaux.

The traveler, an old man, after looking about him hesitatingly for a moment or two, betook himself to a little inn opposite the post-house known by the sign of the Piebald Horse, and kept by the Widow Duval—a woman who enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the fastest talker and the best maker of gibelets in the whole locality.

He sat down alone in the inn-parlor and occupied the time, while his hostess had gone to fetch the half-bottle of wine that he ordered, in examining a dirty old card which he extricated from a mass of papers in his pocket book, and which bore written on it these lines:

"When the troubles are over, do not forget those who remember you with eternal gratitude. Stop at the first post-station beyond Meaux, on the high-road to Paris, and ask at the inn for Citizen Maurice, whenever you wish to see us or hear of us again."

"Pray," inquired Lomaque, putting the card in his pocket when the Widow Duval brought in the wine, "can you inform me whether a person named Maurice lives anywhere in this neighborhood?"

"Can I inform you?" repeated the voluble widow. "Of course I can! Citizen Maurice, and the citoyenne, his amiable sister—who is not to be passed over because you don't mention her, my honest man!—live within ten minutes' walk of my house. A charming cottage, in a charming situation, inhabited by two charming people—so quiet, so retiring, such excellent pay. I supply them with everything—fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables (not that they eat much of anything), wine (which they don't drink half enough of to do them good); in short, I victual the dear little hermitage, and love the two amiable recluses with all my heart. Ah! they have had their troubles, poor people, the sister especially, though they never talk about them. When they first came to live in our neighborhood—"

"I beg pardon, citoyenne, but if you would only be so kind as to direct me—"

"Which is three—no, four—no, three years and a half ago—in short, just after the time when that Satan of a man, Robespierre, had his head cut off (and serve him right!) I said to my husband (who was on his last legs then, poor man!) 'She'll die'—meaning this lady. She didn't, though. My fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables, and wine, carried her through—always in combination with the anxious care of Citizen Maurice. Yes, yes! let us be tenderly conscientious in giving credit where credit is due; never let us forget that the citizen Maurice contributed something to the cure of the interesting invalid, as well as the victuals and drink from the Piebald Horse. There she is now, the prettiest little woman in the prettiest little cottage—"

"Where? Will you be so obliging as to tell me where?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Small Chip of a Great Block.

Gen. Sherman has a grandson and namesake resident in Boston. William Tecumseh Sherman Thorndike is a very young gentleman, still in kilts, but possessed of a remarkable plainness of speech and not at all inclined to lip or use any babbling circumlocutions when he marches upon any difficulty. His mind has been the battlefield of a problem evidently of late. He has been assailed in his mind even in his nursery and he put the question to the touch the other day in prompt military fashion, determined to possess himself of an unprejudiced outside opinion, entirely uninfluenced by parental or nurse's notions. He appeared beside his mother, Gen. Sherman's daughter, in her drawing room while a visitor was present and exchanged courtesies of introduction politely with a manner most distinguished for infancy. Sherman sat regarding the visitor in silence for a few moments, then he leaned a little forward and, with the distinctness of a diplomat, enunciated his question:

"Should you be mad with me if you saw me suck my thumb?"—Boston Transcript.

Withering.

From the Plunkville Bugle: "We have it on good authority that the insect which is gradually sapping the vitals of the Clarion under the impression that he is editing it says that he is personally responsible for the remarks he has chosen to make about us. That's where his editorials differ from the groceries he owes for."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cheaper Than Jails.

It will cost over \$13,000,000 to buy new sites for the schoolless children of New York. But even at this figure schools are cheaper than jails.

An Average Farm Flock.

I began keeping fowls in 1847, using the common "dunghill" chicken. From that non-breed I went to the Brahma and then to the Plymouth Rock, Buff Cochins and Brown Leghorns. We consider the Plymouth Rock the best fowl for all purposes, but the Leghorns are the best egg producers, according to our experience. I have a common log hen house, like everyone else in the country.

As to feeding, I let them hunt their own food most of the time, but when they fail we help them. There is not much method on the farm. We take the market as it comes and as we can catch it. Home market is a sure thing, but the country stores will take all there is left at some price. As to eggs in winter, that depends on how they are kept. We get some eggs in winter, enough to pay for their keeping, but we do not get as many eggs as we should for the number of hens we keep.

We have not been troubled much with poultry diseases, but when anything like the cholera appears we give the fowls carbolic acid in the water; it is a good remedy. My experience and observation is, that a mixture of different breeds, not too many, is the best for the common farmer. A fancier may have his choice and he does not want to mix. The common farmer cannot afford to feed fancy stock that sells for only five or six cents per pound. These have been the prevailing prices in this section, with turkeys at nine cents per pound.—W. P. Burbank in Farmers' Review.

Half a Century of Progress.

The world is richer than it used to be, and also better. There has been much political thievery, but consider the world at large and there is less pocket picking, burglary and cheating, as there is less drunkenness and savagery. Within fifty years we have seen a continent peopled, a "great American desert" wiped from the map, the last of the crowns struck from the head of an American and the last of the shackles loosened from the ankles of a slave. Greenland has been crossed and bounded, Africa and Australia have no longer a geographic mystery, the train, the ship, the trolley car move humanity whither it will, cheaply, quickly, comfortably; we get the London news of noon on the same morning and the man in Boston converses with the man in Omaha through a piece of wire. Arts have advanced, creature comforts are so increased that the shopkeeper of to-day lives better and more healthfully than a king in the last century, and has more appliances for pleasure and information. Ideas as well as advantages are multiplying. Men are more tolerant than they were and are working more for each other.—Chas. M. Skinner.

Smutty Wheat—Poor Bluestone.

In wheat deliveries at nearly all points in the West this year the grain is found to contain considerable smut. A Manitoba dealer who has taken a good deal of time to inquire into the cause of this has traced it in almost every instance to the use of poor bluestone. A very poor quality of bluestone was introduced in the Manitoba market last year, of a grayish color; it was cheaper and a great deal of it was used, and has proved to be much inferior to the real dark bluestone. He advised that none but the best dark bluestone be used. The matter has been thoroughly tested on the experiment farm at Brandon, and about one pound to several bushels of seed should be used.

Shape of Filled Cheese.

Mr. J. H. Monrad, well-known to many of the readers of our dairy department, advocates a plan for controlling the manufacture and sale of filled cheese, which seems to us very reasonable. He thinks that the shape of the filled cheese should be peculiar to itself. It might, for instance, be oval in shape, and of small enough size that no ordinary cut from it could be sold without revealing what the original shape of the whole cheese had been. This would prevent both the retail merchant and the consumer from being cheated. Even the guest at the hotel or the traveler at the lunch counter could tell at once whether or not the cheese placed before him was cut from a cheese oval in shape or from some other.

Dairy Produce in Italy.—For some few years milk production has been developing in Italy, and considerable quantities have been exported; but since 1893 the growth has been stopped on account of bad forage crops reducing breeding. From documents furnished by Mons. de Clercq, consul of France at Florence, it appears that the production of dairy produce in the Italian peninsula in 1893 exceeded in value about \$4,840,000. Compared with 1892, there has been a falling off in cheese and butter. The great scarceness of fodder has resulted from an extraordinary and persistent drought in Piedmont, Lombardy, Venetia, Sicile and Sardinia, and the provinces bordered by the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas. In Sardinia there has been great mortality amongst the cattle. Lombardy takes the first place for manufactured dairy produce and Liguria comes last.—Ex.

Flowing Under Cow Peas.—Experiments made at the Alabama station show that the fall is the proper time to plant under cow peas. An analysis of the vines was made in the fall and again in the spring and the evidence was conclusive that the vines in the fall contained six and one-half times as much nitrogen as they did in the spring. The escape of nitrogen is, therefore, seen to be very great. It is a question if this be not so with other crops that are grown for their manurial qualities and that are turned under most commonly in the spring.

The wise man expects everything from himself, the fool looks to others.

Tried and Sure Things.

Rough on Headache, quick cure, 15c.
Rough on Toothache, instant relief, 15c.
Rough on Coughs, good, none better, 25c.
Rough on Colds, Laryngitis and Influenza, 25c.
Rough on Catarrhs, sure to please, 25c.
Rough on Bile Piles, best for constipation, 25c.
Rough on Malaria, for chills, fever, ague, 25c.
Rough on Dyspepsia, unequalled cure, 25c.
Rough on Rheumatism and Gout, a cure, 25c.
Rough on Humors and Chills, 25c.
Rough on Corns, hard or soft corns, 25c.
Rough on Rats, sold all around the world, 25c.
At druggists or sent on receipt of price.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Good and True Things.

Rough on Pain, pungent, penetrating, 25c.
Rough on Pain, Plasters, poultices, 25c.
Rough on Pain, mustard plasters, 15c.
Rough on Worms, easy taken, effective, 25c.
Rough on Cholera, for diarrhea, colic, etc., 25c.
Rough on Hysteria, quiet, rest, sleep, 25c.
Rough on Itch, for all skin humors, 25c.
Rough on Asthma, new quick relief, 25c.
Rough on Piles, external and internal, 25c.
Rough on Sores, clearing, quick healing, 25c.
Leauville Oil Balm, for the complexion, 25c.
It Gray, use Wells' Hair Balm, 25c.
At druggists or sent on receipt of price.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Trustworthy Things.

Wells' Velvet Cream Face Powder, 25c.
Leauville Oil Balm, skin beautifier, 25c.
Wells' Hair Balm, preserves the hair, 25c.
Wells' Brain Invigorant and Nerve Tonic, keeps you bright, vigorous and strong, 25c.
Wells' Stomach Balm, comforting relief, 25c.
Wells' Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Cure, 25c.
Wells' Lithia-Kidney Whiskey, a pure, harmless, healthful stimulant, 25c.
At druggists or sent on receipt of price.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Don't Die in the House.

Rough on Rats, Clears out Piles, Red Bugs, Roaches, Ants, Rats, Mice, 25c.

HOW ARE YOUR FENCES?

A Very Important Question with Farmers and Others Just Now.

Probably there is nothing that interests the land owner more at this time of the year than fencing. They are desirous of securing the very best article they can for the purpose they desire to use it for and at the cheapest price going. While this is good business, price should not take the place of quality. In building a smooth wire fence you do not build it for temporary use but expect it to last you for years and to get this kind of an article it requires a certain amount of good material to make it.

The De Kalb Fence Co., of De Kalb, Ill., has the largest and most complete line of smooth wire fencing of any plant in the country. We desire particularly to call your attention to their goods and write them for a catalogue which they will mail you free.

No line of goods has grown so rapidly in demand or given such general satisfaction as the fencing manufactured by this company. Their steel web picket fence for lawn and yard purposes, their cabled field and hog fence for farms, their cabled poultry, garden and rabbit fence for its use, are all they claim for them.

You will hardly do yourself justice if you do not thoroughly investigate their lines before placing your order.

There isn't much good in a man who tries to be good simply and only because his head tells him to.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists; 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

If some people couldn't find anything to kick about, they would be always on the run.

Why suffer from indigestion? Barro Dock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Gen. Booth commenced his career in a pawnbroker's shop in England.

It is as easy to remove Corns with Hindercom's that we wonder so many will endure them. Gen. Hindercoms and see how nicely it takes them off.

Lines of all kinds is now made by machinery.

FITS all who stopped free by mail, GUARANTEE MONEY REFUND. No 10 after first 25c. use. Barro Dock Blood Bitters and 25c. trial bottle free to 75c. cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 153 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There are always 2,000 British vessels at sea.

Coe's Cough Balm
Is the cheapest and best. It breaks up colds quicker than anything else. It's always reliable. Try it.

A Nevada man carries a 600-year-old watch.

It is to be regretted that man is so constituted that he cannot love his neighbor. The preacher who does not practice all he preaches, preaches too much.

Poets Break Out...

In the Springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

When answering advertisements please mention this paper.